PRIZE BOOK BY A SEAMSTRESS

"MARIE CLAIRE" THE MOST TALKED OF NOVEL IN PARIS.

The Story Simple and Largely an Autoblography of Its Author, Marguerite Audoux, Who Took to Writing When Failing Eyes Prevented Sewing.

In Paris Marguerite Audoux, a poor seamstress who took up writing because her eyesight would no longer bear the strain of daily work with her needle, has just leaped into sudden fame, receiving a prize of 5,000 francs from La Vie gray in it missed being selected by the Goncourt Academy as author of the best book of Moreover, the French writer M. Octave Mirbeau has written an enthusiastic preface to the book such as would turn the head of most seasoned

The story is simple and is largely autobiographical. Yet "Marie Claire" has become the most talked of book in the French capital. It opens quietly:

"One day a great many people came to our house. The men entered as if it were a church, the women crossed themselves when they went away. I slipped into my parents' bedroom and was astonished to see that my mother had a large candle lighted with the selves was been described by the complete the window.' You can see the boulevard if you lean far enough out and you can also catch a glimpse of the cemetery. In the room which is bedroom, workroom and dining room, Marriguetie Audoux was busy with a dress-maker's dummy, on which she was fitting a bodice. large candle lighted near her bed. My father bent over the foot of the bed. looking at my mother, who was sleeping. with her hands crossed over her breast. Our neighbor Mother Colas kept us all day at her house. To all the women she said, 'You know, she didn't want to kiss her children at the last?' The women snuffled as they looked at us, and she added. Those diseases make folks ill

Three-year-old Marie Claire's mother is dead and not long after she and her elder | p sister are deserted by their drunken father. So Mother Colas took them to "a large house where there were many little girls." It is an orphanage.

Sister Gabrielle looked after the dining hall," continues the narrator. She prepared the salad in an immense yellow tureen. With her sleeves rolled Claire" has created within a few weeks up to her shoulders she plunged and Arnold Bennett shares to the extent that replunged in the salad her black and knotty arms, which emerged afterward shining and dripping and made me think of dead branches on days of rain."

The narrative runs quietly on. Months pass with no event more important than the chasing of a cat. One nun in particular, Sœur Marie Aimée, the beloved, wins the loval devotion and love of the little orphan.

"I often listened to Sister Marie Aimée when she read aloud. She read with a deep and mordant voice, and when the people in the story displeased her too much she abruptly shut the book and began to play with us."

Because Sister Marie Aimée falls love with the cure, who acts as chaplain lication. to the establishment, for some reason the mother superior decides that ifttle Marie Claire must pay punishment too. So the twelve-year-old girl is sent to life; but Marie Claire's impressions are as vividly recorded, though the events themselves are just as unimpressive. She loses some sheep; the farmer kills the ton Mifflin Company. rooks which invaded the granary; snow falls. And so on.

"I saw a yellow dog carrying away one of my sheep. I * was a wolf. It held the sheep by the middle of the body. * * jumped over the ditch which separated it from the wood its hind legs made me nard else at night. Eugène wanted to know wolf was far more beautiful than the dog."

full of amusing stories and I never felt cold that winter.

retined a brite road. In this regard the secretary and income the street of building unknown to-day and one of the sum of the street of building unknown to-day and one of the sum of the street of building unknown to-day and one of the sum of the street of building unknown to-day and one of the sum of the street of building unknown to-day and one of the sum of the street of building unknown to-day and one of the sum of the street of building unknown to-day and one of the sum of the street of building unknown to-day and of the sum of the street of building unknown to-day and of the sum of the street of building unknown to-day and of the sum of the street of building unknown to-day and of the sum of the street of building unknown to-day and of the sum of the street of building unknown to-day and of the sum of the street of building unknown to-day and of the sum of the street of building unknown to-day and of the sum of the street of building unknown to-day and of the sum of the street of building unknown to-day and of the sum of the street of building unknown to-day and of the sum of the street of building unknown to-day and of the sum of the street of building unknown to-day and on the street of building unknown to-day and on the street of the

faults self-sacrificing and thoughtful for others, whose death is the one expedient

faults self-sacrificing and thoughtful for others, whose death is the one expedient on which the novelist relies to cut all knots. "Mile. Audoux's story convinces us once again of the truth of the adage, 'Ars det celare artem.' Once again then we find a book owing its success—and 'Marie Chaire' is already in its twelfth thousand—to its style alone and vindicating to some purpose the truth of the visw that to please the public it matters little what you say so long as you know how to say it."

The book not only brought its author fame, it saved her from starvation. A correspondent of the London Daily Express tells of a visit to the dressmakerauthor who cannot spell:

thor who cannot spell:
'As I climbed the stairs from the little street in which she lives up to her garret I expected to see a pale, thin woman with a tortured face and hair with streaks of

ceiving a prize of 5,000 francs from La Vie gray in it. The door was opened by a Heureuse, a Paris weekly, and has barely smiling little person of, I should say. about 35.

"A plump and placid little woman, plainly dressed, with sandy hair, pale blue eyes, with a glint of fun in them, and unmistakable dimples. A little woman who looked like most of the middle age

seamstresses whom I have ever seen. and quite unlike any authoress whom remember.
"Her room is about twelve feet square It is not very big, but there is a beautiful view of rooftops, she told me. And you can see the Boulevard Montparnasse

a bodice.

"Yes,' she said again, taking the pins out of her mouth this time. 'Yes, monsieur, I am the authoress.' And she told sieur, I am the authoress. And she told me her story. Most of it you will know already, as you have read my book,' she said. 'It took me ten years to write my book. I did not write it to be pub-lished—it is just my life.'

"One day, sitting at a frugal dinner in a little restaurant where tenpence bought a meal. Marguerite Audoux heard some young men talking about books."

some young men talking about books. Her eyes were giving her great trouble at the time and she was desperately

She told one of them of the story she had written. He was amused and said that he would like to read it. He read wondered at it, and took it to Octave Mirbeau, who was charmed with it and had it published for the author in the Grand Revue, and afterward in volume

In the general enthusiasm which "Marie he is engaged in writing a special intro-duction to the English edition which is soon to be brought out by Hodder & Stoughton in London and the George H. Doran Company in this country

THE MAKING OF BOOKS.

Japan seems to be closely watching th ourse of American literature, as has already been noted in the case of Gen Homer Lea's book "The Valor of Ignor-A native book house has just sen Money and Banking," by Charles A. Conant, a recently published work on the American financial system. With the order came the request that a certain number of copies of every book on scientific, social or literary subjects be also sent immediately on pub-

"The Piper," which the New Theatre an nounces for production on January 30, with Miss Edith Wynne Matthison in the title rôle, is the play by which Josephine Preston a farm, where she has to milk cows Peabody won the \$1,500 Stratford prize. and look after pigs. This farm life and which was presented some months ago takes up the second part of the book at the English festival at Stratford-on-atmosphere and characters entirely Avon under the direction of F. C. Benson. different from those of the conventional | The story of the play is based upon Brown and includes among the characters as many children as "The Blue Bird." "The Pied Piper" is published in book form by Hough-

The progress made in perfecting the sys tems of raised letters for the blind has opened up a wide range of books for their guessed it reading. The Harpers this week gave per-When it for the Blind to print Lafcadio Hearn's to come out for the college eleven. It's detract from a certain pliancy and adroit- one is likely to get better results from a translation of "The Crime of Sylvestre Bon-The superintendent believes there think of wings. They talked of nothing is a blind public waiting for this delightful romance of Anatole France. Other books which are now in the hands of the blind in-

Though it is only a few years since Thomas Little Marie Claire then knew nothing of the literary fame that was to spring upon Marguerite Audoux, but Marguerite editions are already commanding a large editions are already commanding a large remium. At the sale of Edmund Clarence upon Marguerite Audoux, but Marguerite premium. At the sale of Edmund Clarence | library of the Lotos Club stood fifteen its ranks. Stedman's library last week a copy of "The

what is the number of the called symphony concerts. The record of this eighteenth century enterprise has been written by soln the atter is turned away from the farm.

She returns to the orphanaze and is put to work in the kitchen, where only sister Désirée des Anges was kind to her. But the number of the number of the same house comes J. A. T. Lloyd's light, It is close to morning.

Marjorie Daw Tor \$37.

Paper.

Brought those over for my private stimulated to fruition by the ardent force of imaginative memory.

"Brought those over for my private stimulated to fruition by the ardent force of imaginative memory.

"Inagination, not invention, is the sum and opened it at his editorial preface, reading aloud rapidly and following the lines with his yet uncompleted 'Reminiscences,' in his yet uncompleted 'Reminiscences,' and adds thereto his theory of literature: An imaginative and exact rendering of authentic memories may serve worthing that spirit of piety toward all things human which sanctions the conceptions of a paper.

The people are aware that from 1748

Oxford possessed a professional orchestra which once a week gave what now would come in duty free, but do you know! Thought they do you know! Thought they do you know! I maginative memory.

"Inagination, not invention, is the sum, as of life,' he says of this eighteenth century enterprise has been written by soln H. Mee, precentor of Chienester Cathedral, and is published under the club."

She returns to the orphanaze and is published under the title "The Oldest Music Room in Europe," by John Lane Company. From the same house comes J. A. T. Lloyd's gister Désirée des Anges was kind to her. Two Russian Reformers," in which Tolstoy and Turgenev are compared, and an editation of the Encyclopædia Britannica appeared nine years ago. This Eugène pass out of Marie Claire's life, which once a week gave what now would and her situation sadly changes. The new owner's wife finds much work for of this eighteenth century enterprise has and her situation sainy changes, and her situation sainy changes, and when her brother the dependent to do, and when her brother Henri begins making love to Marie Claire of Chichester Cathedral, and is published of Chichester Cathedral, and is published to the control of Chichester Cathedral, and is published to the control of Chichester Cathedral, and is published to the control of Chichester Cathedral, and is published to the control of Chichester Cathedral, and is published to the control of Chichester Cathedral, and is published to the control of Chichester Cathedral, and is published to the control of Chichester Cathedral, and is published to the control of Chichester Cathedral, and is published to the control of Chichester Cathedral, and is published to the control of Chichester Cathedral, and is published to the control of Chichester Cathedral, and is published to the control of Chichester Cathedral, and is published to the control of Chichester Cathedral, and is published to the control of Chichester Cathedral, and is published to the control of Chichester Cathedral, and is published to the control of Chichester Cathedral, and is published to the control of Chichester Cathedral, and is published to the control of Chichester Cathedral of Chichester Ca the latter is turned away from the farm.
She returns to the orphanaze and is put to work in the kitchen, where only Sister Désirée des Anges was kind to her.

"Two Russian Reformers" in which Telefore.

EDITOR OF THE BRITANNICA

CHATS OF ATHLETICS AND MAKING AN ENCYCLOP EDIA.

Hugh Chisholm Had a Staff of 1,500 Contributors to Prepare 40,000 Articles New Features of the Work-Athlettes in America and England.

Hugh Chisholm of 38 Prince's Square, ondon, W., editor of the Encyclopædia Britannica, has come here to renew his acquaintance with America and incidentally to act as sponsor for the work, which now being issued by the University of Cambridge Press and is shortly to be delivered to its American subscribers. Mr. Chisholm will be in this country until spring, but as soon as ever he disposes of his New York engagements he will go to California, whose climate he has experienced and much prefers to Manhattan's bitter winds. Meanwhile he is put up at the Lotos Club, where he talked the other morning of his visit of the task he has been doing and especially of his relief that it is done.

"It's not my first time here," he said. "I was over some years ago during the administration of the late President, Mr. Roosevelt. Met him and went all about the country. They made me a member of about 150 clubs, I think.

"My position in the encyclopædia undertaking and the fact that I had been a writer of leaders for the Times got me an introduction everywhere. I met almost every one through the press peoplethe proper way, you know. I expect to go back to a position on the Times staff.

"Yes, every one on this side has been ancommonly nice. I had a good time with the country, what I saw of it. Your country clubs, now-we've nothing of the kind in England: But then you haven't our country houses. The clubs fill their place. Oh, yes, I have made myself acquainted with America."

"Then it's no use asking for first imwere disappointed with the Atlantic, and so on.

"Not a bit," smiled Mr. Chisholm. should leave such paradoxes to the defunct Oscar Wilde."

To a question about his views of Amerihe would weigh more than he does were fine story 'Youth.' he fit, but the man does not live who can Mr. Chisholm, at Oxford, played cricket and association football for his college. during the intervals of managing a waterliterary He is said still to take a hand when he can side warehouse in London. in any game available

it may be we get that impression by comparing our few best men with yours. harder and more absorbingly.

"I don't think I should like to see American football imported into England. Even over here there's a feeling growing that it's almost too rough, isn't there? And

"Oh. your athletes are catching us up very rapidly. Beat us at 'polo for an world. and so do we."

The talk turned to shop, which meant thin limp volumes in platoon. There are

Sister Desiree des Anges was kind to ner, But the nun died suddenly in bed one night. It is close to morning.

"I began to ring the reveil," says Marie Claire. "I rang long, the sounds went distant, far distant! They went where Sister Desiree des Anges was gone. I rang because it seemed to me that the bell told the world Sister Desiree des Anges was gone. I hoped that she would again put he beautiful face at the window to tell me Enough! Enough!"

"Ben-Hur" seems to have achieved sister word that the recovers. The book is in steady desister Marie Aimee, who passes through the orphanage on her way to end her days at Leper Island. The nuns seem to think their duty now done by their to the distance in the distance and the very closely the number protegies and hand her over to her sister, whom she has not seen since inflancy.

The sister, married to a small farmer, whom she has not seen since inflancy.

The sister possible to the distance of the ninth, but with some supplementary volumes taken out after the London Times became out after the London Times beca

Cambridge took over the work, announc-

Cambridge took over the work, announcing its publication.

Of the matter in the eleventh edition Mr. Chisholm estimates that all but 15 per cent, is new. He gives illustrations to show how fully the importance of up-to-dateness has been recognized by his compiling staff.

When the ninth edition was issued it was thought sufficient that the history of England should be carried only to the beginning of the reign of Queen Victoria. Subsequent events and the changed attitude of historians have made it necessary not merely to cover the subsequent period but to rewrite the entire section. Mr. Chisholm mentions also articles on archæological subjects which have been Mr. Chisholm mentions also articles on archæological subjects which have been

changed after the recent discoveries in Egypt, Persia and elsewhere. The first edition of the Encyclopædia came out in 1770. A highly "quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore," the copies of it have greatest interest for bibliophiles. Some of its more amusing features were reproduced in the menu of the dinner given by the chancellor of Cambridge on October 21, when the university formally took over the under-taking of publication.

MATERIALS OF A NOVELIST. Real Adventures That Appear in Joseph

Conrad's Books. "When Joseph Conrad passed his 'Reminiscensees'-remarked that he had nationality in 'our service.'

purely agricultural. The boy who was big sights and which, by the way, seems become a British seaman.

friendship with pilots at Marseilles, who days past the date of my sailing. suffered him to accompany them to sea in the cutter.

"From there his course was plain; he can athletics he responded with enthusi- shipped in English ships consistently, asm. He is no mean athlete himself, or gained English certificates and attained rather was an athlete before the encyclo- a command. How he first saw the East, pædia compelled him to follow a seden- whose glamour had been a summons to tary life. Very tall, six feet two or three, him, he related in his own manner in that

"The end of it came while 'Almayer's supervise the publication within eighteen Folly' was yet unfinished, a packet of noring of New York. Even as he pur months of "a trifle of 50,000,000" words manuscript that went with him from poses honoring Boston after his forton all subjects under the unseen stars ship to ship and ashore. It travelled in and keep himself the while in top condi- his baggage to the Congo and gained Yet time was, and recently, when its eighth chapter in the establishment of Champnel at Geneva, and a ninth a few days less.

"It was submitted to the judgment "Great thing, athletics." he declares of a passenger for his health on the ship with gusto. "You take it here more Torrens, outward bound to Australia. seriously than we do perhaps, though It acquired a faded look and an ancient 1889 and finished in 1894 and published Your cracks go in for their sports much at last in the following year, when Mr. Conrad had turned his back upon the sea | "and began casting about for a place to and its uneven fortunes.

"He is now 52 years of age, a bearded vacity of manner and speech. Years Coney Island. don't you have men at Harvard and Yale about decks and aloft have helped to shape who make a business of examining your him; as he sits at table or moves in the players to see whether they're sound and rooms of his pleasant house in Kent, to places visited by some character or ancan play with safety, and to see that those which the winds come fresh from the other. They are all places I have seen with merit are brought out and get a Channel, he has the bearing of a seaman, myself; sometimes not for more than a chance? With us, if the other chaps hear the pucker of the eyes, the spaciousness day or so, to be sure, but long enough to you've done anything they may ask you of gesture and look; and these do not ness which signalize the man schooled quick fleeting impression; the high points

justed to the expediency of the moment. Thomas Hardy and Henry James are of encyclopædia. On a cabinet in the that company; Meredith has passed from

"On a Sunday i dared ask Eugène for a book, and he made me a present of a thick book of songs. During the whole summer I took it with me in the fields. I composed airs to the songs I liked best; then I grew tired of them, and later, as I helped the farmer's wife in the great November cleaning. I distoned to the grant of the great November cleaning. I distoned to the grant of the great November cleaning. I distoned to the grant of the great November cleaning. I distoned to the grant of the great November cleaning. I distoned to the grant of the great November cleaning. I distoned to the grant of the great November cleaning. I distoned to the grant of the great November cleaning. I distoned to the grant of the great November cleaning. I distoned to the grant of the great November cleaning. I distoned to the grant of the grant o "The sense one gathers in the collec-

This a writer of tales and the emotions of a author. I'd go stale."

been presented with forty francs as a viaticum by the mother superior, sends her to Paris to seek her fortune. So Marie Claire is left on the train bound thither. No doubt her subsequent adventures will be forthcoming.

French critics have devoted many pages to explaining why the novel is successful. Of it Octave Mirbeau says it contains so much "perfect measure, purity and illuminating greatness that no modern French author could have written a better one." In this regard the substitute of this we shall find it. I think in the perfect taste that shall find it. I think in the perfect taste.

BOSTON IAN HAY ADMIRES

SCOTCH NOVELIST CHATS OF HIS TRAVELS AND BOOKS.

He Explains That He Is Really a School master and Writes Novels Only Occasionally—The Scenes That Appear in His Stories-A New York Surprise.

Bostonians may look forward with interest to the publication of Ian Hay's new novel. For the young Scotch novel st, whose two or three books have been replete with bits of local color from vari ous spots scattered over the earth's surface-not a spot appearing which has not been visited personally by the authorsailed for home Saturday, declaring that he had never spent a more delightful fortnight or been more vividly impressed than during his two week's visit in the Hub

This declaration, coming from Ian Hay, amounts to a promise of written portrayal to come; and as he has a new novel but half finished awaiting his home coming and completion Boston's hour appears to be at hand. It's rather hard examination for master," writes Perceval on New York, for it had the first try. Gibbon in the January Bookman of The Scotch novelist landed here, but London, "the examiner who signed his proceeded on to Boston, which he liked certificate—'he was short, plump, with so well that he postponed his sailing three a round, soft face in gray, fluffy whiskers days and came back to New York only to and fresh lequacious lips, he tells in his catch his boat.

"You know they say in Boston," h never heard of a sailor of Mr. Conrad's said, "that New York is a very good place; it's a good place to catch trains "That was because Mr. Conrad was for Boston. I stayed in New York over by birth a Pole, the native of a country New Year's eve, which I had been warned which has no seaboard, whose people are not to miss as being one of the world's eventually to find a foremost place as to me as not being very different from before, an awfully good time. Delighted an English writer, had far enough to go the celebration that goes on in parts before he could realize his ambition to of London and then went on up to Boston. "When I arrived there my friend Roge

"In the . 'Reminiscences' he explains Scaife of Houghton Mifflin Company aske that this ambition was not regarded as me whether I preferred to keep all my reasonable by his relatives, and a tutor time free for myself or whether he should was specially charged with the duty of fill up a bit of it trying to make things talking it out of him during a walking pleasant for me. I discovered later tha pressions, Mr. Chisholm-whether you tour in Switzerland. The tutor, however, at the moment of these polite prelimisaw light and at last desisted; and the paries I was booked up from early mornnext stage in the lad's career was a ing until late night [in Boston] up to three "But I stayed. I liked Boston. Din-

ners, luncheons, teas-The secret was out. He likes Boston as probably he never could have liked

New York. The teas did it. However, Mr. Beith, for that is name that in ordinary pursuit of life is attached to the Ian Hay that is made to suffice for literary purposes, does not have to carry on his conscience the ignight's visit so already he has honored New York; if not so extensively as he will the former because he visited here

For before he ever started or intended writing fiction some ten years ago when just out of Cambridge he made an ocean health trip to this country and visited Narragansett, Newport, Manhattan Beach and Coney Island before return sailing vellowish complexion. It was begun in of the boat he came on. He stopped at the Manhattan Hotel and saw the sights.

"When I started writing," he says which to send my hero Coney Island immediately came before me, a vivid picman of middle stature, with a Latin vi- ture. That is how I came to write of

"And so it has been with all the other places I have described in my books. leave a vivid impression. In fact I think stand out.

"My work, anyway, is done to please "He is one of those aristocrats in our myself more than any one else, I fear. how the wolf looked, and the old Bibiche clude "Ben-Hur," by Lew Walface, and pected we should lose to you at polo of literature who have never stooped below It is really just telling the same story grew angry when I said it had long yellow "The Cat and the Canary," by Margaret all games? Cricket you haven't gone in the level of their powers, whose stand-hair like our dog Castille, but that the Cameron. "The Cat and the Canary," by Margaret all games? Cricket you haven't gone in the level of their powers, whose stand-for much yet. Golf of course you play ards of endeavor have never been ad-modestly. "Not that I haven't come to wanting

to please the public," he quickly adds. "One couldn't help wanting to do that; it is so profitable. "But I'm not a real author, that is

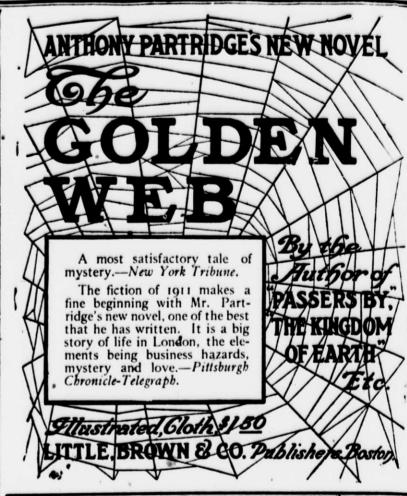
not its roots in actuality and was not freedom between those hours. When

The young schoolmaster was inspired to his first work by one of his pupils in mathematics, a boy who possessed a strange power of memory. The boy could memorize anything through visuaization, but flunked utterly otherwise he was also the star of the school at cricket and his teacher, to amuse himself at odd hours, began writing a story of Pip with the strange memory and fondness for cricket.

Once absorbed in the record of fact he fell into the hands of fancy, which tool him back to Pip's babyhood days and forward to the time of Pip's falling in love with and courtship of a very charming and athletic young woman.

"So, hardly without realizing it," he says. "I found myself with a written romance on my hands. That being so I followed custom and offered it for publication. I offered it to Black ord's, which bought it and surprised me by asking me if I could write another like it in a year.

"I had already enjoyed the writing part and now I did not dislike discovering



CONFESSES GLASS

Stient Partner of Potash & Perimutter Once Called a Showroom a Sample Room, Which Was Unethical-Tells How He Discovered Abe and Mawruss

friend of the cloak and suit business to an interviewer who sat under a real Hokusai print in his parlor in Harlem last night and a quizzed him. "It's a sad story. Do you really want it? Well, I began to make brave efforts

at fiction before I was out of New York University, and even after I graduated I contributed to the university Item little things which pleased me mightily but which did not seem to raise a storm of comment anywhere else. I was in the law, you see; maybe that was all the more reason why I tried to wrke fiction. My first published story outside of the university magazine appeared in 1900 in the old Metropolitan Magazine at the time when it used to be a barber shop periodiwhen it used to be a barber shop periodical. That story was called 'Aloysius of the Docks,' and I say it with due modesty: I think that was one of the best stories I ever turned out. It was a story of an East Side kid and it was published at the time that East Side stories had not become a drug on the market. There was another published in the Metropolitan shortly afterward, 'The Council of the Ungodly'; that too I think was a good story.'

Cohen.' The latter was published some six months ago.

"I tried out Saturday Post on the Potash and Perlmitter stuff in March of last year. They accepted the first story and they made a test of the next, 'The Archive made a test of the potashs wanted others on the same line. They took them, and another published, in the Metropolitan shortly afterward, 'The Council of the Ungodly'; that too I think was a good sidered hostile to the Potash and Perlmitter adventures were loudest in their

in the congenial occupation of examining

largest legal firms sought by Jewish clothing and real estate dealers down town. No, it was not the office of that Henry D. Feldman who appears as the law wizard in the Potash and Perlmutter stories; Henry D. Feldman is a comstories; Henry D. Feldman is a composite character, although in drawing him I had in mind a lawyer who has a reputation among the Jewish business men for being able to do anything before the courts. There were many Abe Potashes and Mawruss Perlmutters that came to seek counsel from the members sentor member of my firm on the street one day.

"Hey, Blank, said he, That loafer Glass in your office has been filling the papers with stuff about me. You tell that sucker to stor it or I'll fix him.'

"Why, what makes you think Mr. Glass has been writing about you?' my boss asked.

"Well, everybody says it's me he means. came to seek counsel from the members

those stories didn't set any publisher's office afire. My first tentative effort at drawing Abe Potash and Mawruss Perlmutter resulted in a little sketch without a plot to speak of and only running between 1,300 and 1,500 words. It was called 'Potash & Perlmutter.' I have to laugh when I recall how the editors shied at 'Yet Mr. Glass confesses that he probably never will know more about the cloak and possible and the probably never will know more about the cloak and the soften after the probably never will know more about the cloak and the probably never will know more about the cloak and the probably never will know more about the cloak and the probably never will know more about the cloak and the probably never will know more about the cloak and the probably never will know more about the cloak and the probably never will know more about the cloak and the probably never will know more about the cloak and the probably never will know more about the probably never will know more about the probably never will know the probably never will The silent partner in the cloak and suit suit business than he does now

50c.—Fielding's Amella. Joseph Andrews. Smollett's Peregripe Pickle, Roderick Random PRATT, 161 6th av.

HE DOESN'T KNOW ANYTHING due to a funny man and diligent paragrapher on a New York evening newspaper. The

on a New York evening newspaper. The professional humorist had laughed inordinately over it. That, was encouraging. Mr. Glass sent the sketch to Bob Davis of Munsey's. Mr. Davis wanted to put the piece into a pail of water, then examine it as to its explosive qualities; there were the advertisers, who would blow if anything like that got into wind. Mr. Montague Glass, friend of Messrs.
Potash and Perlmutter (cash on thirty days invariably at all times) really doesn't know aything about the cloak and suit business.

"Surely, I bombarded the magazines for ten years before something began to be doing in a substantial way," said the friend of the cloak and suit business to an invariable and suit business.

"Surely, I bombarded the magazines for ten years before something began to the diagonal paper wouldn't listen to the argument. Their advertisers wouldn't stand for "Potash & Perlmutter"; that was certain. Success was

wouldn't stand for "Potash & Perimut-ter"; that was certain. Success was another publication that couldn't see any profit in publishing the sketch. In a moment of desperation Mr. Glass sent it to the Woman's Home Companion ("Wow!" quoting Mr. Glass at this junc-ture). Finally a business measure (Wow! quoting Mr. Glass at this juncture). Finally a business magazine out in Detroit accepted the much travelled piece and another on similar lines. That was in 1908. The author had to threaten suit before he got anything in payment for the two contributions, and then a check for \$40 covering both came to the outraged creator of the sprightly partners.

ners.
"After those two had been tried on a dog and the dog was found to be doing well Munsey's bought two Potashand Perlmutter stories from me," Mr. Glass continued. "One piece was called 'A Clock and Suit Comedy,' the other 'Firing Miss Cohen.' The latter was published some six months ago.

"I wrote those two while I was engaged in the congenial occupation of examining titles to real property. There's no real author and the publishers, which expressed connection between examining titles and writing soulful fiction. I don't know just how I made the two things compatible.

"Most of the fiction things I wrote then were East Side stories," he continued; "some good and some bad. They went out and came back, went out and came back, went out and came back, went out and came back.

"some good and some bad. They went out and came back, with here and there a little strike; but not many strikes. Oh, if I hadn't been plugging away in a law office I would have starved. Tragic it might have been, eh?

"Well, tragic it came near being when I was in the hospital and there was no money in the household treasury. My good friends on Munsey's publications heard what had happened to me and wrote to Mrs. Glass and told her to go through my desk and send down anything that they might have rejected or that I had not yet offered; they wanted to look 'em over. They did, and kindly.

"How did I stumble onto Potash and Perlmutter? Well, you may have guessed it. Through the law office where I worked. It was, and is, the office of one of the largest legal firms sought by Jewish" it vitites as deliberate belittling of the sound qualities of the Jewish business and qualities of the Jewish business and undirected which I called 'Bankruptey as a Fine Art.' said Mr. Glass. "That is the only effort of mine which I wish had never been written, because of the false light in which it placed me, I drew from my own experieps entirely in furnishing the incidents in that story; it happened that the incidents which came under my observation were for the most part centred about the business dealings of Jewish merchants are semplified in the legal transactions done through the office in which I was deliberate belittling of the sound qualities of the Jewish business.

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came to seek counsel from the members of this law firm with which I was connected. I learned to know them intimately.

"At first it was not the clients but the office boys that interested me most and gave me suggestions for stories. I wrote a good many stories having to do with these shrewd, precocious youngsters, but those stories didn't set any publisher's office afire. My first tentative effort at cigars they pass around to their acquainters. Well, everybody says it's me he means

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